CHICAGO WILL GO FISHING. MAY DAY PICTURE OF THE WINDS CITY'S HUSTLING SONS.

Bankers, Lawyers and Business Men Who Desert Their Offices and Line the Piers to tatch Herring, Perch and Bullheads

CRICAGO, May 12.-Chicago may be a town that is all hustle, but it is a fact that a man coming here from New York has to walk slowly e on the streets. Also it is true that has an apparent leisure class of from twenty thousand, the number desending upon whether the fish are biting On a warm cloudy morning, when s ong wind is blowing off shore and the water line in consequence has receded ten feet. 20,000 citizens will be found along the lakefront ensuaring perch, herring and bullheads. On the other hand, if the day is sunshing, with shalf gale howling in from the unsalted sea and the spray from the whitecaps landing far ap on the park drives a typical Chicago dayleisure class will be reduced to 5,000. These people are not tramps, not even honest workmen out for a holiday. The tramp cannot get a fishing line and bait and the honest workman has time for fishing on Sundays. They are solid, respectavell-to-do business and professional who have simply taken the time from mated to say that they have not such a lot of commercial worry upon their shoulders all It is certain that the spectacle of 1000 New York city business men dangling eir legs off the piers of the East River or the Battery would be accounted remarkable. A City man, who came here once for a brief vist, describes Chicago as a big, spread-

out, noisy, dirty, windy bluff.
"In that town," he says, "the merchants load up the wagons with empty barrels and them about the streets to delude visitors into the belief that they are doing business." This is not true. The barrels are driven

about the streets all right, but there is always comething in them. The town does make a had however, in that it does not do more than a tithe of the business it pretends to do, though the volume of commerce is, of course, large. It is a notable feature of the place that a purchaser has not only to hunt the man from whom he wishes to buy, but also to chase him to a standstill afterward in order to get the goods within a reasonable time. One who starts out to print a magazine, for instance, will seek the printers, the engravers and the pater men, give his orders and show the money. Then for twenty-five days he will other of them to get the things for which he has contracted. This savors little of the "ruths competition" of which Chicago men talk and not at all of the hustle about which they prate still more. There are many things going to prove that in the matter of speed and rece Chicago, for all its fuss, is a century beand an Eastern city of half its size. In New York, for example, as all men know, a banker a broker or a lawyer will be at his office by 10 or half past 10 o'clock in the morning. He is through with the toil of the day by M. or, at the latest, 4 P. M. He has been engaged five hours, taking out an hour for luncheon. In that time he has got through a vast amount of labor and he has the remainder of the afternoon and til the evening for his private affairs. In Chirage men of the same occupation will get to work at 7:30 or 8 in the morning. They will devote fifteen minutes to a luncheon, boited as though they were famishing, and will close up the labor of the day at 5:30 or 6 P. M., not a minute sooner. In ten hours they will have acomplished no more than the New Yorder in five, if so much. This is when they are "hustling." When they are not "hustling" they are out on the lakefront after the herring.!

There are worse ways of spending the time. on the Government pier waiting for a bite, he can't impoverish an unlucky speculator by buying from him. If he can't plead a will case while baiting a hook bared for the tenth time by some small and expert perch, he can't assist in the ruin of the rightful heirs. He may not make any money while envious of the blackstriped herring, eighteen inches long, hauled n by his neighbor, but neither can he aid in despoiling others. The pier is an idle place, but healthful. The wind comes down more than 200 miles from Mackinac Straits with a curve on it and a strident singing, and it is pure enough and strong enough to blow all of the megrims and evil fancies out of a man. It his office door and waiting to see him on peculiarly important business, but he will not know snything about it until the next day, and in the meantime is as happy as a clam if the fish are biting in the way that makes Lake Michigan fishing the best of any pan fishing when it

is good at all. Some of the catches made under favorable conditions are remarkable for num-ber, if not for weight. One fat banker, past 60, has been known in a long day to make a score of 320 herring caught upon a single book. The fish do not average more than a quarter pound and make no fight at all. They are especially delicious when fried in breakfast-bacon grease, having been previously rolled in cornmeal, and after all it is the lake air the man is seeking. This air is a onderful thing. It makes of Chicago one of the most delightful summer resorts in the world, and but for its strong and constant currents the town would long ago have been deserted, for the sewage of a city of nearly two million inhabitants is all emptied directly into the lake. There is a lightness, an absence of humidity, a cool, bracing feeling about the Lake Michigan air not to be found in the atmospheres of the seacoast, which are salty and generally heavy. This air not only fills the lungs satisfactorily and helps to make good blood, but it also produces minor delusions and a tendency to talk much. It is mainly responsible for the Chicago llucination that the Chicagoan is necessarily a hustler. It is wholly responsible for the Chicagoan's ineradicable desire to shout alleged

facts about his town and to decry other towns.

The preparations for spending a day on any one of the piers are simple and few. The man goes to his office at 8 o'clock, finds a pile of mail waiting for him, glances at its outside distrustfully, gives the boy a holiday, walks out and locks the door behind him. He tacks notice on it saying, "Gone to Milwaukee on business: back to-morrow," yells "Down!" to the express elevator, and is shot to the ground floor. He buys a jointed wooden pole, sold everywhere for ten cents, and to it the clerk attaches thirty feet of linen line, price five conts. To this a No. 4 hook is tied and a large Diece of lead for a sinker; cost, two cents. tin bucket for bait is bought also; price, eight oents. At a total expenditure of a quarter the fisherman is equipped for all of the sport he is likely to find. He buys a pocketful of cigars and, on the principle that every cigar is a good elgar in the wind, he buys them cheap. Down at the pier-north side or south side, it matters not he will find a legion of small boys and ancient fishermen anxious to sell him live minnows for balt. Two dozen for five cents is the ruling price for fine, fat lively fellows, dashe ing about the buckets, their tiny sides gleaming like silver. These minnows are caught in large circular dip nets suspended from poles jut over the sides of the pler and they are hauled in at the rate of three gallons at a haul. If the conditions for fishing his good, the fisher who arrives at halfs o'clock in the morning will find rouble in getting a place from which The piers, thirty feet broad, run out the lake for more than 500 feet, and each of them is lined so thickly with sportsmen. was and old, that they touch elbows. Ton and it has har-" hours than once that a fish has come up 120 separate books, belonging to separate "Por fastened in him, one in his mouth and other in his stomach. Under such eireum-

tanges the late comer can only stand about

satil some one gets tired and moves away. He

will then pounce on the vacated place, drop in

his line, which has no float, and be happy.

The older he is and the longer he has fished from the city piers, and the more business there awaiting him in his office, the more avidly he will pounce. Chicago has twenty miles of waterfront and plenty of plers, which, so far as observation extends, are never used for anything except to fish from, and from the lake the spectacle of 20,000 men and boys with poles held rigidly is interesting. No man knows why all of these piers were built. Nobody knows why they are maintained at the city's expense. Occasionally-very occasionally-a panting tug happens along and moors to one of them for a little while, then puffs away, not having discharged any freight or taken on any. Apparently it stopped merely to catch its second wind. Readers of Chicago newspapers are told a great deal about Chleago's tremendous shipping interest, and no doubt it is large. It is barge shipping, or shipping that might as well be barges for all of the grace or speed there is in it, and it hangs always about the mouth and foul length of the unspeakable river. At any and every season of the year the lake front of Chicago, the vast body of water which, twenty miles long, runs to the eastward horizon, is almost tenantless of sails. A visitor reads of the gross tonnage of Chicago, a lake port, and of New York, a world port. He learns that there is no remarkable disparity between them. He goes to New York and he sees the crowded miles of the East River with its forest of tall masts. He hears always the sullen booms of the whistles on the North River. He sees the impuden tugs in scores rounding the bowed end of the Battery. He sees the racing Sound steamers going in or out. Then he goes to Chicago and he sees a magnificent blue body of water-much more water than he saw in New York-and on it two small tugs and, possibly, five small schooners, loafing lazily to the northward and half hull down. The statistics which gave him the gross tonnage did not tall him that Chicago's shipping was to be found, nearly all of it, in the river, which winds about in the town, and did not tell him also that the tonnage was taken up almost wholly by iron ore, lumber and grain. Vessels do not bring bales of silks and spices from far Cathay to Chicago. The railroads attend to that. Also a man, if he could stand it might sit at the mouth of the Chicago River for three months and keep count of the vessels and at the end of the period he would be even more puzzled by the stated amount of the gross tonnage, because comparatively few ships go in and out. If the fish are biting when the man throws

in his line from the pier, he will be kept busy hauling them out and stringing them. There is no monkey business about the Michigan perch. herring or bullhead when he is hungry. He goes straight for the minnow and swallows it and is jerked eight feet up in the air and lands flapping upon the planks, all in the space of five seconds. The water along the piers is not often more than six feet deep, and on clear days, when the surface is still, the swimmers may be seen in schools four feet below the surface. When they can be seen, however they will not bite. A rough day, with the wind from the mainland, appears to excite them to frenzy. Simultaneously reaching the conclusion that this is their last time to eat, they will seize anything that looks like food and hang on with the tenacity of death. A halfhour of this kind of thing is apt to pall upon any one save the most enthusiastic pier fisherman, and after he has had all the fun he wants he fishes lazily and spends the time in talking to his neighbors. The chances are that he will know a half dozen men within sound of his voice—staid, respectable men enough, engaged ostensibly in the various occupations and professions and all stealing time from their offices. Because of this universal Chicago desire to hustle by hanging about the piers and catching small fish, the May mornings along the lake front are times of social reunion Bankers, merchants, physicians and engineers meet there who never see one another at all in the city. Men who were boys together at one of the public schools and have not set eyes on each other for five years, happen together and let the perch go while they tell of the things they have done and are going to do. Chicago is a tremendous city in territory, if in nothing else, and it may easily happen that a grocer who lives on the North Side may not see a former crony who lives near Jackson Park on the South Side once in ten years. Indeed, there are many people on the North Side, which is the distinctively German part of the town, who have been there for twenty years and have never set their feet south of the river which runs through the approximate centre of the city.

The pler fishing in method and result is dentical with the creek fishing which is the delight of many thousands of American small boys. The poles used are of the same cheapness and fragility, the lines are the same, the hooks are the same and the manner in which the perch are yanked violently forth is the same. The only difference lies in the fact that the boy exploring a small pool in some creek is pretty apt to have a red and green float bobbing upon the water. When this float goes under he pulls. In the lake no floats are used, because the water ordinarily is so rough that the float would be under it more than half the time anyway. The fisher tells when he has a bite by the feel of it, but he makes the old desperate yank, the perch often describing a semicircle twenty feet across and landing upon some fellow's back who sits on the other side of the pier Because it recalls in almost every feature the fishing of his boyhood's days is possibly the explanation of why the Chicago "hustler" leaves his mail unopened and goes down to the front to smoke bad cigars and gossip with his friends. Indeed, the amount of tobacco consumed by the fishermen on a May day is simply enormous. The smoke rises in blue clouds, and if the wind be right is borne back into the city, where it mingles with the darker and infinitely dirtier smoke which forms the atmosphere of the business part of the town. This atmosphere is probably the most offensive in the world. It is worse than the atmosphere of Butte, which is partly made up of sulphur fumes. It is worse than the atmosphere of Pittsburg, because in Pittsburg they burn tons of anthracite to ounces of it in Chicago. It is worse than the soft coal polluted atmosphere of St. Louis because there is so much more of it. Six pairs of cuffs and twelve collars a day. with a chest-protector cravat, would be necessary to any one who wished to make a show of clean linen; consequently nobody tries to keep clean or to look clean. A belie with a smudge of smut on her nose is aware that it is there but long habit has made her disdainful of it She lets it stay, knowing that if she wipes it off another will take its place in five minutes. If a woman is observed to glance into a mirror in an elevator and surreptitiously try to remove a smut mark from cheek or chin, it may be set down as a certainty that she is not long

a resident of Chicago. When the man who has fished off the Sixtythird street pier has gossiped with his friends and inhaled many cubic feet of fresh air, and smoked or given away all of his paralyzing cigars and strung his twenty perch or herrings, he hands his 10-cent pole and 5-cent line to the nearest boy, walks a quarter of a mile, and climbs on a car that belongs to Mr. Charles Tyson Yerkes. Being a Chicagoan he heartily damns Mr. Yerkes, though Mr. Yerkes hauls him nine miles, safely, smoothly, and expeditiously, for a nickel. Next morning, having devoured his perch rolled in cornmeal and fried in breakfast-bacon grease, he rushes to his office at 8 o'clock, goes through the mail which frightened him on the day before and finds that it consists largely of duns and circulars from people who want to sell him things for which he can have no possible use. This duty performed, he lights a cigar of better quality than the pier brand, and braces himself fo another day of desperate "hustle."

"Ifnzel" Is Hassail.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-SIT: I emphatically ontradict "were B" in so far as his reference to "Mr. Hazel Nutt" is concerned. The name is not "Hazel," but Hassall, I am a nephew of the Mr. Nutt referred to and bear the same name; it has been in our family for generations. H. I. N. BROCKLYS, May 10.

THE BATTLESNAKE COON DEAD. Committed Suicide, Maybe, After Stealing

East DEDHAM, Me., May 12.-The rattlesnake soon that has robbed more than fifty henroosts and destroyed a thousand dollars' worth of eggs and poultry in the last three years has been caught at last in one of Sam Houston's traps, and the skin is now at a tannery being cured, after which it will be made up into a fur cap. The animal began his adventurous career in this town in the autumn of 1897. Green corn was in the milk at the time, and all other coons were contented to live in the fields and woods without risking a near approach to civilization. The rattlesnake look at sweet corn so long as there was a tough old rooster to be had for the climbing. Between Sept. 1, 1897, and Jan. 1, 1898, it is said hat this coon destroyed \$300 worth of poultry in Dedham, besides making frequent raids into Bucksport and Otis.

The raccoon is a crafty animal that sneaks upon his prey in the dark and then slips away without noise. The rattlesnake coon, though as sly as his congeners, came to his larder with a bell ringing, as if he wished everybody to know of his presence. The noise was half way between a chime and a rattle, and could be heard for rods. Whenever he visited a hen house the people knew all about his comings and goings, if they were awake, and though they sat up for him with guns and hunted him with dogs and lanterns he dedged death for

they sat up for him with guns and hunted him with dogs and lanterns he dodged death for two years.

In the fall of 1808 Charles Perry, a hunter of Bangor, introduced a novelty in coon catching. He argued that a raccoon likes green corn better than any other food. Therefore, when the green crop was safe in the granaries, he procured a dozen two-pound cans of green corn. Instead of removing the contents with a can opener, he cut the top of every can into six sections, dividing it in the way a housewife cuts a pie. Having removed nearly all the corn, he turned down the six sharp points of this ons to admit a raccoon's head, and piaced his traps along the runways where coons were known to travel. The plan worked well. In a week there were five coons running about the woods carrying tin cans over their heads, and inside of a month the last can had fitted itself to a coon and was on its travels. The recoons, being unable to see, wandered aimiessly about and most of them were shot or clubbed to death before winter. As the others have never been seen it is probable that they died of starvation.

While the rattlesnake coon was not identified

to death before winter. As the others have never been seen it is probable that they died of starvation.

While the rattlesnake coon was not identified among the siain, everybody hoped he had perished. This spring he came out early in March and began to make assessments on the same old poultry yards. After the poultry yards gave out, he stole sucking pigs from the barn cellars and picked up stray fambs in the fields. His bell of warning sounded at rare intervals, and those who saw him as he hunted the fields for mice said he was looking lean and seedy. On the morning of May I, when the school children went to the woods to pick checkerberries and Mayflowers and to celebrate Dewey's victory, they found the terror of the town dead in one of Sam Houston's traps. As the trap had not been baited for two weeks the impression prevails that the raccoon committed suicide.

An examination of the body resulted in finding an old style sleigh bell attached to a strap about the animal's neck. A tin tag on the strap contained this inscription: "lieturn to Willam A. Remick, Mariaville, Me., and get a handsome reward."

forty-two years.

"Um-n! You don't come in very often, Rufus, said Mr. Nobbier.
"No," said Mr. Oogblink.
But he went in to see his friend Mr. Nobbier again the very next day.
"Um-n! You've coming in pretty often now.
Rufus," said Mr. Nobbier.
"Ya-as," said Mr. Gogblink. "I'm sort o' bringing up the average.

BILIOUS MAN'S COON HUNT.

LAMENT GROWLED OUT WHILE GETTING OFER ITS EFFECTS.

o Coons, but a Remarkable Coon Dog-Loss of the Whiskey and Discovery of Uses for Jersey Lightning Encounter with a Skunk-One Moment of Evaltation It sounds like confessing a misdemeanor to talk about coon hunting at this time of the year; but there are extenuating circumstances. In the first place no coons were killed; secondly, the dog would probably have climbed a tree himself if he had found one, and lastly, Hen-You told a victim of one of these hunts that although he has lived at Whitehall, man and boy, for nigh on to seventy years, he has never known a coon to be killed on those particular hills. But the Cheerful Liar, who personally conducts the expeditions, says they are coon hunts and that settles the matter. He has organized one every Saturday night for two years, and says he is going to keep right on.

The Cheerful Liar is a business man pri-marily, and a naturalist, ornithologist and botanist on the side. Moreover, he is fond of walking, in season and out, and thinks every one else should be. In consequence, he goes coon hunting and invites his friends, and then spins yarns which they cannot in decency contradict after having enjoyed his open-air and peripatetle hospitality; but he made a mistake the other day and the hollow mockery has been exposed. A wanderer, who is known as Bilious Pete, returned to the city one Friday and called on the Cheerful Liar. He was promptly pressed into service as a coon hunter and this is the story that he growled out to his friends while nursing his feet during the following week. As it would hardly do to give it in his lofty and sensational language, it will be told in the

usual way. On Saturday afternoon the billous one met the Cheerful Liar by appointment at the ferry.

"Here," said the Cheerful Liar, "take this," and he handed over something carefully wrapped in paper. The billous one left of it and smelled of it, grunted his approval and slipped it into his hip poeket. "I've got a supply of sandwiches here." continued the hest, pointing to a package that he had under his arm. "Now, let us hustle, for we have just time to catch the ferry."

Boarding the ferryboat, they crossed to Jersey city and started for their destination, after lighting their eigars and making themselves comfortable in the smoking car they began to exchange news, and got so thoroughly interested that they kept right on talking after having reached Whitehall. As they walked along the road in the twilight toward the farmhouse where the Cheerful Liar leaves his hunting togs and was to get a suit of the same kind for his guest, the Cheerful Liar suddenly exclaimed:
"Say, talking is dry, what do you say?"

The raphy of the Cheerful Liur showed that the Higher Criticism has not affected him and that tots belief in future punishment is still orthodox. But before he was ready to resume operations the skink Fegan moving around ominously. As the man of the expected to they are spend the rest of the night and part of the next day with his host, he shouted:

"Break away?"

The Cheerful Liar fell backwardover a projecting root in the nick of time, and the dog.

seeing his opportunity, seized it and ended the battle with a vigorous shake. Leaving the skung where he lay, the coon hunters emerged from the odor and tried to take the taste out of their mouths with Jersey lightning. For cauterizing the odor of a Jersey skunk it is unrivalised, and they went away to seek new conquests much refreshed. They had smelled blood, as they say in the old romances, and also considerable of something else.

For the next lew hours they wandered back and forth without notable adventure until they finally came out on the bail top of one of the rocky hills. There was no meon, and the stars had all the wide sky to themselves. Below and far away the glare of electric lights in a score of towns and villages could be seen dimix, and a great silence enveloped and awed them. In such a place and with such a scene it was easy to realize why men were wont to set up their gods in high places. The very air breathed worship, and the lure of reviving life and growth could be felt in that lofty temple of darkness.

Presently the spell was broken by the dog a return. He did not suggest incense, and the man of bile tound it hard to avoid kicking him over the precipice. But the coon hunt was practically over, and the return trip began. Ilunging down a gorge until they reached a deserted quarry they built a huge fire and sat down to cat their sandwiches. This gave the billions one a chance to realize the condition of his feet, and although the mountain had roused in him the exalted feelings of a ragan his remarks about his misery were ortholox. Walking over rocks in the hight with ordinary shoes is neither poetlead hor hundrous, and it need surprise no one that after sleeping the rest of the night in a hay now he had to be taken to the train next day in the waxon of an obliging furmer. But terhaps when he is feeling better he will forget the coon hunting and remember only his feet minutes of exaltation on the mountain.

LAWN TENNIS.

Season's Success Will Depend Largely Upon

the Visit of an English Team A large share of the expected success of the coming lawn tennis season depends on the visit of a team of Englishmen to American courts during the summer. Without them Wrenn, Larned will find himself alone in his class and probably drop out. There are still high hones held out for the coming of the foreigners, although the last news was somewhat disappointing. It will be remembered that Dr. Eaves and the two Doherty brothers were invited some months ago and Faves seemed willing to accept if the rest of the team could be made up. The Dohertys have held off in their decision, and it was learned last week that it is very doubtful if they will come, since the younger brother, H. L., has developed some sort of heart trouble and his doctor has forbilden him to play in tournaments, in singles anyway, although he may play in doubles during the season. Invitations have been for-warded to one or two other leading Britishers

See All Control and Control an

again may take part in the Philadelphia tour-nament.

The St. George Cricket Club has secured the week of Aug. I for an international invitation tour-owner, but this will be abandoned if the highest expects do not come. The interal-o-may play at Longwood and Newport, Dr. Dwight expects a positive answer from the Britishers within a month. The team will not leave the other side, however, until after the English championship meeting.

Go all over town and examine the

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EBENEZER'S TRAGIC END.

BEAR TOOK HIM UP A MOUNTAIN
AND THREW HIM DOWN.

That Was the Only Way to Kill Ebenezer,
for He Was the Biggest Fresh-Water
Turtle in the State of Maine—His Long
Career in the Waters of Sebec Lake.
Serre, Me., May 3.—Up here in Piscatanuis
county, the great fish and game region of
Maine, the country folk are complaining of
"spring feelin's" and swallowing various decoctions of barks and roots and "yarbs" for
the relief of the same. At the edges of the
anow patches in the woods the May flowers are
blossoming, and the thick ice which still
sheets the lakes is so honeycombed and softened by the sun that the first strong wind that
shall set the open streaks of water in motion
will break up the whole business in a few
hours. Verily, the winter is past, the smows are
over and gone, the flowers appear and the
time of the singing of the birds is at hand; but
if, following out the words of Solomon, the
voice of the turtle is heard in the land, it is
safe to wager at any odds that the note is not
that of Ebenezer. The turtles of Sebec Lake
have never been known to manifest themselves in a vocal way, but if they should take it
into their heads to attempt so surprising a
thing Ebenezer will not count in the performance. This griant turtle, the patriarch of his
kind in the Sebec waters, has passed from the
some of this cartile on the wing is and any thing the wing is and the processing of the cliff
into their heads to attempt so surprising a
thing Ebenezer will not count in the performance. This griant turtle, the patriarch of the
kind in the Sebec waters, has passed from the
kind in the Sebec waters, has passed from the
kind of the idea of the call the partial the
country to the processing the country to the processing the reversions of the cliff is
a huge pine tree bent by the winds so
that the upper half of its trunk overhangs the
precipies, while its spreading cross, curved and
twisted among the crevies of the cole,
while the sing the manifest themsolves in a vocal way, but if they sh

in the water near the mouth of the canal and the fishermen came to the conclusion, no doubt the correct one, that the howk had dropped upon the fish just as Ebenezer selzed it and that the two had fought out a life-and-death stringgle over the booty. The turtle, his jaws looked fast to the hawk sieg, had dragged his enemy at last into water sufficiently deep to drown it and so had ended the fight.

Five years ago when the spring fishing began at schoe Lake, Elenezer was seen once or twice by fishermen at his old haunt. Then a cance party, passing through the boat channel one merning, saw on either bank the tracks and ison and process the side of the day before, going foward Hedgehog Mountain, which rises, steen and bristling, from the neutronal beauty as a sociated with eyes of man, his passing was a sociated with

fellow, followed the claw marks up as far as the tree forks, from which he could look disrectly down to the rocky shelf at the base of the cliff.

"I can't sabe why that bear ever climbed out here," he called to Blake. "But one thing I know: he didn't do it without a reason. There's something down on the rocks below—looks like a dinner platter. Well see what this when we go back.

When the two men went back down the mountain they visited the base of the cliff, and found out that what Tuttle had seen and compared to a dinner platter was a turtle shell, the biggest that either had ever seen. Blake, who had seen the big turtle of Flag Cove many times, at once pronounced the shell to be that of Ebenezer and his opinion was verified by the finding of the letters E. B. R. partly effected and grown apart, but still plain to be seen, which some one many years before had carved in the turtle's back. This was generally known as a distinguishing mark of Ebenezer-indeed, the combination of letters probably had suggested the name that he boreand it established his identity beyond a doubt.

This discovery has eleared up the mystery surrounding the disappearance of Ebenezer. The bear had surprised and captured him and, in default of any other way to break the armor, that protected his uncleus flesh, had gone to the pains of carrying the thirty-pound turtle nearly to the summit of Hedgehog Mountain in order to drop him from the cliff to the rocks beneath. The shattered fragments of the under shell strewed about the spot showed how successfully the bear's device had worked, and the upper shell, which was unbroken, probably had served bruin as a trencher at his dinner.

Other instances of this canny trick of the bear for the persuasion of an obstinate turtle have been told of before by cld Maine hunters, who have said that they witnessed the performance, but no one of them has ever known it to be done on so big a scale, either as to the size of turtle or the height from which he was dropped. In other cases renoried the bear has

MACKEREL SCARED BY WARSHIPS. Theory of the Fish's Disappearance by am Old Fisherman.

From the Bangor Commercial. Of late years mackerel have not been seem off the eastern coast of Maine. One explanation was given Monday by a prominent fisherman of Southwest Harbor, who was in Bangor

on that day, who said: "We used to eatch mackerel by the thousands down our way years ago, but the war ships scared them away. You know they run in schools, and once they get scared from a certain locality they never again run that way. That's the only reason I can find as to why

they don't come our way nowadays."

That's the only reason I can find as to why they don't come our way nowadays."

Less is known about mackerel than of any other of our common food fish. It is known that the fish migrate northward in the spring and southward in the autumn, and that they come from some inknown place that is secret to all of our experts.

In May an enormous school strikes the coast of Yarmouth, N.S. This school evidently is separate from the southern army that advances have no connection whatever with the great schools from the south, they must come from out of the deep sea to the cust. When the southern schools have advanced as far as Nantucket they suddenly disappear, leaving no trace behind them. Then the veteran mackerel fishermen pick up their traps and repair to the it is filter that the mackerel will next appear, where they stay in more or less numbers until well into August.

The reving habit of the mackerel is thus shown. Besides these general movements my habit of the mackerel is thus shown. Besides these general movement from one place and reappear in the strangest manner. There is no accounting for these movements any more than there is in explaining their migrations. Old fishermen who have grown gray is the work say that the mackerel are the most mystifying of all our salt water fish. They have learned to read the signs of their coming and going, but they cannot explain them, nor can they account for their habits. They pursue them with a sort of intuition. One may be a good fisherman of other denizes of the deep in a short time, but to explain them, nor can they account for their denizes of the deep in a short time, but to explain them, nor can they account for their denizes of the deep in a short time, but to explain the mackerel large experience is required.

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